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For the Windham County Democrat.

DEVOTION.

It is not in the crowded hall,
Where the loud organ's anthems roll,
That the pure spell alone may fall
Which wakes devotion in the soul;
Not where the prayer is loud and long,
Nor where the labored sermon's said
Unto a proud, imperious throng,
Where not one heart-felt tear is shed.

Not where, with artless look, we hang
About some boisterous Preacher's train,
Of whom Fame's voiceful clarion rang
Till echoing praise came back again,—
Who stuns the ear with studied tone,
And plays with metaphor and trope,
And, throned his hearers' hearts upon,
Grows mighty in his pride and hope.

But 'tis beneath the glorious sky,
In evening's hushed and holy hour,
As the light winds go whispering by
To humble bud and folded flower;
When, in the vast infinitude,
That spreads the slumbering earth above,
The stars, with eloquence imbued,
Burn to the omniscient God of Love.

And when the morn comes forth in light,
With sounds and scents, most joy and bliss,
When earth is fair and heaven is bright,
Unrobed in gorgeous Loveliness;
Then, like the birds that play in air
On gladsome and unquiet wings,
The spirit, roused by scenes so fair,
Upward in high devotion springs.

Nature! within thy boundless range,
Lies the religion of the soul;
It comes with magic sweet and strange,
Unfettered, and beyond control;
And gazing through thy vast domain,
A bliss untold to man is given;—
It checks the passions' stormy reign,
And soothes the breast with peace of heaven.

Woodbine Glen, Dover, Vt. EDMUNDO.

Sketch of the Rev. John Pierpont.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

And girded for thy constant strife with wrong,
Like Nehemiah, fighting while he wrought
The broken walls of Zion, even thy song
Hath a rude martial tone, a blow in every thought.
WHITTIER TO PIERPONT.

The purchased puff—the hurrah of the mob—the presentation of medals—the multitude at one's heels—are not fame. Fame is the spirit of man's genius, which lives in the minds of others, while he lives and after he is dead; for fame is immortal. Popularity is ephemeral, and bears the same relationship to fame that shadow bears to substance. The gross Esau would sell his birthright for a mess of pottage. He would mortgage the blessing of his father for personal gratification; while the man of true genius waits hopefully for the homage which will surely be paid to everlasting forms of truth and beauty he has left on record, as the reflections of his own mind. Like Jacob, he sees a ladder of light reaching to heaven.—He thinks little of himself and much of his subject. He aims at perfection and not popularity. He turns his back on the past, and his face toward the future. He is willing to abide the decision of posterity—hence he speaks the truth. Men of true genius are men of progress; they are reformers. Whoever saw a verse of genuine poetry in defence of oppression! What tyrant ever wrote a stanza of pure poetry! Genius never glows in the heart of a tyrant, and fame will never build her temple over her ashes. John Pierpont, the preacher and poet, is a man on whose shoulders the mantle of true genius has fallen. His pen is never elegantly feeble. He never gives you the glitter of fine words for the gold of pure thought. He does not cringe and creep, and bow and lisp like a literary fop, but like a brave, honest, earnest man, as he is, speaks the sentiments that are born in his soul. He is an artist, who thinks the picture of more consequence than the frame. He will not spoil a good thought for the purpose of saying a good thing. He loves Nature more than he fears the Critic, and never commits infanticide on his ideas, at their birth, for fear they should hereafter be murdered by some hypocritical reviewer. The themes selected by him are congenial to his heart. Is there a temple to be dedicated to the service of God, his muse with harp in hand, stands between the porch and the altar. Is there a monument to be erected over the dust of departed heroes, he there builds a pyramid of verse that will stand when the stones shall have fallen in decay. Is there a crisis in the cause of reform, when the great heart of humanity must speak or break, his words are its throbs, his songs its sentiments.

No reform poet in America is so great a favorite among the elite and literati as Mr. Pierpont. Perhaps no man in this country receives as many invitations to read poetry, before lyceum and colleges, as he. At Harvard and New Haven, and every other place where genius is appreciated, he is welcome. Notwithstanding this fact, Godey and Graham, and other lords in the kingdom of magazinedom, never employ his pen. The best effusions of his classical quill are found in the reform journals; for he does not deem it beneath his dignity to contribute to the columns of the papers that are not fashionable and popular.

Holmes is the poet of taste and fashion,—cheerful, gay and light as Ariel. Should he prick a sinner with his stiletto, he would at once apologize, by declaring he was in fun, and hoped no offence. Longfellow is so nice and elegant, he sometimes does injustice to his noble nature; but he is fond of freedom, and sympathizes with the men of progress. Lowell is a radical, wielding a two edged sword when he is aroused; he belongs to no school but his own. His muse is a jolly jade, with the thumb on her nose and all fingers of both hands vibrating, when she would pour contempt upon a national sin. Sprague's poetry is as current and more valuable than the bank bills that bear his signature. Whittier is the poet of the slave. Pierpont is emphatically the Temperance Poet.

See him standing in that magnificent Music Hall, reading his poem before the members of the Mercantile Library Society. He is straight as a palm-tree, fanned by the "airs of Palestine,"—his snow-white hair looks like a halo of glory about his head, and the rosy glow of health upon his face shows that his heart can never grow old. Few men of years, (he is upwards of sixty,) have been young so long as he; few men of his age are so young as he is now. He always dresses neatly, and has an air of military compactness,—looks well in the street or on the platform. His eyes are blue and brilliant; forehead stamped with the lines of intellectual superiority; sanguine nervous. In any audience he would be singled out as a leader. As a speaker he is always interesting—often eloquent. There is a rich vein of poetry running through his sermons and speeches, which enhance the value of his efforts. While speaking, he stands erect, and has a habit of shaking his hand, with his forefinger extended, when he is earnestly emphatic on any particular subject under discussion, at the same time moving his head, while his eyes flash, as though he was shaking stars out of his forehead. I wish I had space for more extended specimens of his poetry. The following beautiful and melodious stanzas are real poetry without a waste word:—

Was it the chime of a tiny bell,
That came so sweet to my dreaming ear,—
Like the silvery tones of a fairy shell
That winds on the beach, so mellow and clear,
When the winds and the waves lie together asleep,
And the moon and the fairy are watching the deep,
She, dispensing her silvery light,
And he, his notes as silvery quite,
While the boatman listens and ships his oar,
To catch the music that comes from the shore?
Hark! the notes, on my ear that play,
Are set to words—as they float they say,
"Passing away! passing away!"

But no; it was not a fairy's shell,
Blown on the beach, so mellow and clear;
Nor was it the tongue of a silver bell,
Striking the hour that filled my ear,
As I lay in my dream; yet it was a chime
That told of the flow of the stream of time,
For a beautiful clock from the ceiling hung,
And a plump little girl, from a pendulum swung,
(As you've sometimes seen in a little ring
That hangs in his cage, a canary bird swing;)
And she held in her bosom a budding boquet,
And as she enjoyed it, she seemed to say
"Passing away! passing away!"

Where is the voter in America who has not heard the following extract from a popular poem entitled the Ballot-Box? I quote from memory:

We have a weapon firmer set
And better than the bayonet,
A weapon that will fall as still
As snow-flakes fall upon the sod,
Yet execute a freeman's will,
As lightning does the will of God.

Perhaps no temperance poem ever had so wide a circulation as the "Two Incendiaries," recently published in the Life Boat. Here is a verse as pure, sparkling, as refreshing as the rain:

Ye gracious clouds! ye deep, cold walls,
Ye gems, from mossy rocks that drip!
Springs, that from earth's mysterious cells
Gush o'er your granite basin's lip!
To you I look:—your largess give,
And I will drink of you and live.

Mr. P. is the author of the Airs of Palestine, a poem of nearly a thousand lines in the heroic measure—for sublimity of thought, beauty of expression, and graceful versification it is unexcelled by any American production.

Mr P. is a native of Litchfield, Conn. He entered Yale College when fifteen years of age, and graduated in the summer of 1804. Afterwards he engaged in teaching, which he soon relinquished for the study of law. The practice of law not agreeing with his health, he entered into mercantile pursuits, which resulted disastrously in 1816, but his loss was our gain. Not long after his failure he began to prepare for the pulpit. Left Harvard University in 1818. In 1819 he was chosen pastor of the Hollis street church where he remained nineteen years. He is now pastor of a flourishing church in Medford. May he long live to entertain, enlighten and bless the brotherhood of men. —*Mass. Life Boat.*

From the Independent.

Hours of Strength and Times of Weakness.

Every man who has any just conception of life,—who believes that time derives its vital significance from its inseperable relation to eternity; that the chief end of man is not to serve his lusts, reveling amid pleasures that turn to ashes as they come and go;—every earnest and true man has a perfect Ideal Life before him, a perfect conception of what he would and should be, after which ideal conception he constantly aims.

When this Ideal is throned in the soul, as a Living Presence,—the constructed impersonation of what we would like to be,—it is then easy to be heroic. We have a conquering hero in the soul whose valor is transferred to us. We walk in the strength of our Pattern Man. Jesus is with us of a truth. What works he did we can do when He is with us. The vision of the soul is then unclouded. Duty is plain; doubts are solved; fears are quelled; and languid irresolution is schooled into executive force. There are times of moral strength in the history of the soul which after all Life's "*toil and endeavor*" is the true history of the man! Where he sleeps, and how he lives, as an animal, is an insignificant question; and significant only as the body has an intimate relation to the soul.

But alas for us, we are not always on the mount of vision; not always to walk jubilant in exalted trust and conquering strength. The hour of weakness comes to all. Even Jesus cried in agony, "My God, my God, why has thou forsaken me?" The weakness of the soul in that hour of desertion was more than the bodily crucifixion—it was the tearing asunder of *the Soul and the Spirit*—the parting of *Father and Son!*

In our times of weakness we either lose sight of Jesus, our Pattern Man, or are so overcome by the alarming contrast between the Ideal and our poor Actual, that all effort seems unavailing, and for a while the light of faith in the soul is turned to darkness, and former effort degenerates into listless indifference or outbreaking sin.

What a sea of calm and of storm, what a world of lights and of shadows is the history of one earnest, struggling human soul, panting after the true goal, thwarted here and there—mounting one moment to heaven in ecstatic joy, plunging to Hades the next, in the silence and gloom of the grave.

Thanks to Him who by personal daring and bravery, by right good will and manly Christian endeavor, shall do aught to lift one poor soul from this gloom and doubt, and shadow of death, and thus help it onward in a truer, Diviner Life. He is a Redeemer, and blessings be on him, if his head be crowned with thorns. H. P. C.

New York, March 7, 1853.

The sunshine of life is made up of very little beams that are bright all the time. In the nursery, on the play ground, in the school room, there is room all the time for little acts of kindness that cost nothing, but are worth more than silver or gold. To give up something, where giving up will prevent unhappiness, to yield, when persisting will chafe and affect others; to go a little around rather than come against another; to take an ill word or a cross look quietly, rather than resent or return it; these are the ways in which the clouds and storms are kept off, and a pleasant sunshine secured to the humble home, among very poor people, as in higher stations.

Special Manure for Grapes.—The wine committee, at the exhibition of the Cincinnati Horticultural Society, reported that of two specimens of wine, one from grapes to which a special manuring of potash had been given, the wine from the manured grapes was "bright, clear, and mellow, like an old wine." The other was declared to be less matured in all its qualities, nor was it clear. The grapes themselves, from the two portions of ground, were also presented to the committee. "Both were delicious and well ripened, but it was considered that those from the manured land were sweeter, and that the pulp was softer."

The Funeral and Cold Dinner.

BY MRS. FRANCES D. GAGE.

"When is that funeral to be, Nettie?"

"At half-past ten, mother, I believe."

"Half past ten; well, with a little arrangement, we will all go."

"No, mother," says Minnie, "I will stay at home and get dinner, and you and Nettie may go. It will put things behind hand if we all leave, and we shall have to hurry when we get back. I would rather stay at home."

"No, Minnie, I want you all to go; there is a lesson to be learned there to-day which will do us more good than a warm dinner."

"We will slice up the cold meat left from yesterday—hash the potatoes nicely, and with good bread, butter and fruit, we will be comfortable enough."

"But will the boys be satisfied?"

"We will try to have them so, and I trust that none of us think so much of our appetites as to deprive ourselves of soul privileges or enjoyments to our tastes. To-morrow, if we have eaten wisely, we shall all have forgotten what constituted our dinner to-day. But the lesson learned at the funeral, I trust, will be fresh in our hearts, not only to-morrow, but forever."

The girls sped away cheerfully to their work. I arranged the dinner, picked out clean shirts for the boys, saw the shoes were brushed and the cravats tied, and when the bell rung out the solemn peal, we were all ready.

We halted at the church door to see the procession pass by. O what a sight was there! First came the long, slender coffin and its dark fringed pall. Then the husband of the sleeper within, and leaning upon his arm—bowed with age, and trembling with sorrow and woe—was the mother of the dead. Then were (I clasped the hands of my children and drew them nearer to my side) six motherless children, the oldest not twelve years; and as the little sobbing group went by, I fancied I heard the wail of the infant at home, too young to be brought out to its mother's funeral.—Then followed the long train of relatives, friends and neighbors; but I did not heed them—my eye saw only that aged mother sorrowing for her child, those infant children weeping for a mother. The minister made a short exhortation, a prayer to the God of the fatherless. The choir sung its solemn chant; but I did not hear. My thoughts were all to busy with stirring memories within my own heart.

Thirteen years ago I stood by the sleeper, then a blooming bride. Eighteen summers only had her deep blue eyes reflected the hues above, or her ears listened to the song of the wild robin in the old elm near her childhood home. By her side, too, stood that man, and his dark flashing eye, a bold, proud brow, looked pride and joy, as he clasped the hand of Ruth and promised to love, cherish and protect her, the beautiful, the good, the pure, the loving, that was leaving mother, home, everything, to bless him, and to rest in his heart forever. I said she was beautiful; aye, beautiful was she as the wildest dream of a poet's fancy; and with all her beauty, her goodness, her purity, she gave herself into his care and keeping, and promised to love, serve, and obey, till death should sever the bonds which man's laws and enactments had woven for them.

But now the last solemn notes of the dead have ceased their vibration, and naught breaks that solemn stillness save the grating of the undertaker's screw, as he opens once more the lid that hides from our sight the pale, emaciated form of that once beautiful being.

One by one the congregation passed by, and took their last look. Then came the distant relatives;—for a moment they linger, and many a sob and weeping eye tell how well she was loved. Even manly hands brushed away the bright dews of sympathy from the dimmed vision, as slowly they moved on. Then came husband, the mother, the children. Oh, who shall give utterance that the heart may hear, to the anguished wail of those doubly orphan ones—"Mother, mother, mother," broke from their hearts in the wild agony of the moment.

Poor little things, poor little things, well they knew their utter destitution. Who would gather them now at nightfall, and wash their faces, and speak kind, soothing words, and put them to bed! Who patch the tattered garments, who contrive the scanty meal! Who! The old mother stooped down and kissed her child, and a low, anguished moan told a grief, a trouble, too mighty for tears. The husband looked down on the sleeper he had promised to love, cherish and protect. But he had wasted that love on the fallen and degraded ones; squandered his substance in riotous living; often had he forced from those delicate hands the hard-earned shilling, while his children cried for bread, dropped it into the rumseller's till, to gratify his own insatiate appetite. He saw her waste away amid poverty and shame, and cursed her day by day, because her eye grew dim, her cheek pale, and her head weak and trembling. Day after day, week after week, he pressed the iron into her soul. But she had vowed in the sight of God, and sworn to "love, honor and obey," and the folds of snowy muslin that hid away her form covered a heart that had never broken a vow.

His worthy father had discarded him, his relatives "went on the other side."

And the time came when her delicate spirit could love no more; when love, even a mother's love, could no longer buoy her up to struggles; and she laid her down to die. The neighbors found her and her little ones in a miserable hut, the children starving, the mother dying, and the father away in the neighboring village, at the grog-shop door, acting out the privilege of his manhood. Drunk—drunk for days, and his wife at home dying; and his children starving. Oh! ye, who preach so much to wives, "to make home beautiful," have ye no words for husbands! Oh! women, how long will ye witness these things, and yet plead that men may be your masters! The news reached the worthy friends, and they took her and the children home, and laid her upon a soft couch, and ministered to her wants, but it was too late: nature had said "it is enough;" and though the tear trembled in her eye, and her hands clasped in prayer, when she heard the wail of her babe, she prayed that she might live, live a little longer, for her darling's sake; still she said, "Thy will be done," and passed away, even in the noontide of her life, the victim of an inebriate husband. Here she lay, thirty-one years old, the mother of seven children, murdered by inches, forced from her high and holy duty of wife and mother, by the man who had won her youthful love, and promised at the marriage altar to love, cherish and protect.

The minister, who made them one, and who but now had breathed his prayer over her coffin—the judge of the Court who had given his sanction to the grog-seller's trade—the voters of the law—the bar-keeper himself—the women who boast of their private influence, all, all who had looked on for years, and seen the wasting, wearing, horrible murder, now came, forward and looked at that cold brow, wreathed with white roses. They listened to the aged mother's tearless groans, and heard the children's fearful cry of "mother, mother, mother." They looked into the face of that bloated, perjured, brutalized, ruined husband, father, murderer, and they shook their heads, dropped a tear perchance, and said, "it is horrible," and went their way.

But will they arouse to duty and say, "these things shall no longer be!"

Slowly, tearfully, we wended our way homeward, as we sat around the table, partaking of our cold, heartless meal, I told this story to my children. The elderly W.——— had been brought up in the house of wealth, fed from boyhood on rich and dainty fare, learned to chew, smoke, and lastly, through his vitiated appetite to drink, and now, with poverty, crime and shame upon his brow, he goes forth almost a vagabond upon the face of the earth, and strangers must care for his children.

I prosed it upon my own dear ones that they live simply, humbly, industriously, shunning *all* those things which lead to sin and shame.

No voice murmured at the cold dinner.

The Volcanic Character of Italy.

BY PROFESSOR SILLIMAN.

The first lecture of the Annual course before the members of the Brooklyn Institute, N. Y., was delivered last week, by Professor Silliman. His subject was the Volcanic Character of Italy, including the old volcanoes about Rome, and their physical effects; notices of Rome ruins; Vesuvius and its physical effects; the buried cities of Pompeii, and Herculaneum, together with a description of his travels through France and Italy. He proceeded to the subject of his lecture, as follows:

Ladies and Gentlemen: The condition of the planet upon which God has fixed our residence, as regards its interior heat, is, I apprehend, but little known.—The progress of research has extended our knowledge on that subject, however, so that it no longer remains a point of discussion whether the earth is heated in its interior to a much greater degree than the sun heats it on the outside. The internal heat of the earth is proved by direct experiments. A gentleman is still living in Paris, who first called the attention of Geologists and philosophers to this subject. He was one of those scientific men who accompanied Napoleon to Egypt, when he went on that great expedition—for Napoleon took with him not only the weapons of war, but he took a much more important cohort—that is men of Science, and Art, and Literature, able to explore and examine all the antiquities of that most important and venerable country. A great literary work resulted from this expedition, which proved to the world that the interior of the earth was in a heated state, by bringing together facts, already known, in regard to mines and springs. This general principle announced, has been followed up repeatedly by very deep borings, called Artesian wells. I presume there are many here who have seen the very deep well in Paris. This well had been worked upon for seven years, without reaching water, when Arago came forward and gave the government the assurance that if they would continue their work, and go through the beds of chalk, they would, in all probability, find water. They continued their work till they got down through the chalk, when the water rose up in a great volume of twelve feet. This water still flows there, and doubtless will continue to flow to the end of time. This water was found to be very hot. Many other Artesian wells have been made all over Europe, for various purposes, and in every instance, we find the earth increasing in heat the lower we go down. The most striking example we have of this is that of Luxembourg, in France, where they bored nearly eight hundred feet. Add to this the testimony of those who work in very deep mines, and we ascertain the fact that the rate of heat increases about one degree for every fifty feet of descent; so that if we were to go down two miles, we should find boiling water; and at ten miles we might reasonably expect to arrive at ignited rocks. Is all then beneath us on fire? I am not prepared to say, with some, that this is the case, although there is strong evidence to justify such a theory. Witness the Geysers of Iceland—where hot waters are gushing up from the earth age after age and century after century. The result of all the observations on springs, goes to show that they are *thermal*—that is of a higher temperature. The Azores present a very important fact in example. The Hot Springs of Lucca, in the Appennine Mountains, are large spouting springs, of a very high temperature, so copious that they may be relied upon for hot baths all the year round. Another case is the Hot Springs of Bath, in England. These are the more remarkable, as there are no volcanoes in the British Islands. We know that from the time of the Romans these waters have never ceased to gush up in vast abundance.

The hot springs of the Rocky Mountains are also very important, and the great salt lake in Virginia is very hot. Taking the Artesian Wells and the thermal, we have, from these sources, the best evidence of the heated temperature of the internal portion of the earth, and this is placed beyond all question by the great volcanoes in the world. And here we have decisive evidence that heat which will melt the solid rock is not connected with any external cause; for, among the cold, icy mountains, there are volcanoes bursting up to the height of 12,000 feet.

Passing through Sweden, we find no volcanoes. But it is asserted by scientific men that Sweden is gradually rising out of the water. It is rising at the rate of about four feet a century. In Greenland on the other hand, there are places where, a century ago, missionaries were stationed, which ara now sunk under water. So Scandinavia is rising, and Greenland sinking. Passing on through France, along the Rhone we find the craters and currents of lava where they flowed and filled up the lakes; so that we are led to believe that they were not always here. Julius Cæsar encamped along here, and he makes no mention of this. In Spain and South America we also find great volcanoes bursting out. The fact is, the world is on fire. It has always been on fire. It was kindled at the time of its creation, and has been burning ever since.

The Alps are not volcanic. There is no proof that there has ever been any eruption, though many parts are composed of pudding-stone, which have been changed around in the sea. But the Alps are very often tossed by earthquakes, which shows that there is great heat underneath. From Verona we took an excursion to a mountain about thirty miles distant, called the Great Fish Quarters. Here there are fish of every size from one to five feet in length. The rock in which they lie is a stratified rock. From this place there have been taken tens of thousands of these fish. Immediately covering this fish rock, there lies a volcanic rock, and then another fish rock. Now how is this strange problem to be explained! There is no doubt but that it was once sea where these fish are now found. They here once swam around in the water. For it is absurd to suppose that they have always been in this rock. They came there naturally. How! I should think that during the volvanic movements there, there was a vast quantity of mud thrown up, and these fishes were buried up in an evil hour. And there they lie now. Coming to the City of Padua, in Italy, we also perceive volcanic appearances. Large establishments are here fitted up for hot springs; and many persons visit them. Going on toward Rome, we find numerous lakes and lagoons in Tuscany, where there are very extensive marshes, where vapor, steam and gaza, are rising all the time. It has been said that Rome was built upon a volcano: but there is no proof of this. Going toward the *Campagna*, we find a very extensive, but sterile land, over which marched, of old, the great armies which subdued the world. Then we come to a current of lava, called the *Albanic Mount*. This current of lava once flowed through a crater, and almost reached the city of Rome. The famous Appian Way is there [illegible] as perfect as when it was traveled by these old Romans. We also visited a small place near Rome, called Aricia—of which Horace said: "*Aricia hospitio medico.*" And I should think it was *hospitio medico*; for it is a poor place enough, I assure you.

From the N. Y. Tribune.

MAN AND WOMAN.

Putnam's Monthly for March contains a powerful and popular essay on "Woman and the 'Woman's Movement,'" which is by far the most liberal and candid of any we have read on the conservative side of the question. If the writer had only begun by ascertaining what it is that he is opposing—if he had designed even to quote from any address or manifesto in behalf of the 'Woman's Movement' a synopsis of its aims and demands—if he had seen fit to consider what is desirable and necessary *for Woman* instead of looking at the subject as if the only point to be considered were how Woman shall render herself most bewitching and serviceable to Man—his stately rhetoric and forcible dialectics would have been far better wielded than they are. In order to show wherein he fails to do justice to the question—after misapprehending it and sometimes arguing one point and deciding another—we will exhibit the matter in the form of a Dialogue between Man and Woman, sometimes quoting passages from the Putnam essay on behalf of Man, and sometimes giving the substance only of the argument against the 'Woman's Movement,' viz:

Woman—Please, Sir, I demand my rights.

Man—Adorable angel! what rights can you have or desire that you do not now possess!

Woman—I ask to be regarded as a human being, and as such entitled to equal rights with other human beings. If laws are to exist, by which men and women are to be equally bound, and for infractions of which they are to be equally punished, I ask an equal voice in making or modifying them. If labor is required for the common good of men and women—say, in Education, Manufacturing, &c.,—then I ask that men and women be equally compensated according to their relative ability and efficiency. If a school, for instance, is taught in winter by a man and in summer by a woman of equal capacity, then I insist that the woman's monthly pay shall be equal to the man's.—In short, I demand equal and free access in all pursuits and educational advantages; and I especially protest against the tyranny which compels me to employ a masculine lawyer, priest or physician, when I should greatly prefer the ministrations of my own sex, had woman been allowed free access to the Seminaries where only may the requisite knowledge be obtained.

Man—Impossible! "In the circumstance of her exclusion from the learned professions, I see a proof of their contrariety to her essential nature and habits."

Woman—Ah! do you? Then why not *trust* to "her essential nature and habits," instead of shutting the doors of colleges, and schools of Law, Physic and divinity against her.

Man—Because "We are told by the soberest of our judges that if Woman be admitted to forensic practice, it would soon be next to impossible to get a righteous decision from the bench, so inevitable a bias must her advocacy of any cause produce on the judicial mind."

Woman—Nay, Sir! if her appearance in court as an *advocate* would have so disturbing and so disastrous an effect, why should not her appearance there as a *party* or leading *witness* prove equally baleful! She is *now* at liberty to appear there to plead *her own cause*; and if she would *ever* be dangerous to the poise of Justice, why not in that case! Yet you permit her (being single) to sue and be sued, to lose and recover, to be a witness for another or an advocate for herself, and perceive no bad result. *Why* should her appearing in *another's* cause so perturb and distort the judgment when it has no such effect in her own!

Man—"Democracy, in breaking down the wall of partition between the professions and the laity, has destroyed the peculiar dignity of those professions, and so renders the female aspiration in that direction absurd. You act unwisely in making professional distinctions so prominent an element of your remedial treatment for Woman's grievances."

Woman—Nay, Sir! you persist in misapprehending us. We have claimed access to the professions not from any exaggerated notions of their respectability or our lack of it. What we seek is Freedom to serve God and Humanity wheresoever we may do so most usefully. We protest against the artificial and arbitrary barriers which hem us in on this side and on that, because *they are* barriers, and because we deny the right of Man to enact or erect such arbitrary limitations to the sphere of Woman. Though no woman should evermore desire to enter one of the professions, we should nevertheless resist the arbitrary mandate shutting us out of them.

Man—"It is an undeniable misconception of Woman to suppose her capable of entering into rivalry with Man,—capable of competing with him for ecclesiastical and political distinction."

Woman—But, Sir! you just now objected to our appearing at the Bar on the assumption that we should win all our causes; now you virtually object that we should win none of them! These two absardities just neutralize each other, and leave the midway truth in clear view. But we have not assumed that the Bar is within Woman's sphere—we have only protested against *your* interposing to determine for her whether it is or is not. Give her Freedom in all things consistent with Moral Parity, and then if Law, Physic or Divinity is within her proper sphere, she will pursue it, if not, not. All that you so finely say about the natural and ineradicable difference between Man and Woman is just so much demonstration of the folly and impertinence of laws or arbitrary edicts attempting to preserve that difference. You might as sensibly enact that water shall freeze where the mercury sinks to zero and shall never refuse to run down hill.

Man—"Woman is by nature inferior to Man.—She is his inferior in passion, his inferior in intellect, and his inferior in physical strength. It is easy to quarrel with the fact, but it is quite impossible to dispute it. It is easy to pronounce it a very scandalous and flagitous fact, if you please; but there the fact stands nevertheless, full of a quiet contempt of your petulance. For the fact is wholly unborn of human legislation. No man's wit ever fathomed it. It took place by no votes, but by the absolute decree of Nature."

Woman—Then why are you not content to leave the matter where nature placed it! Why enact laws at Albany and Washington to fortify Nature's resistless fiat! If nature has excluded Woman forever from the Bench, the Bar, and the Pulpit, what need of *your* "fussy" propping and bolstering! *We* are willing to leave the whole matter to Nature—it is *you* alone who insist on underpining Atlas and strengthening the law of gravitation by the resolve of a Ward Caucus.

Man—"In ascribing to Woman a *natural* inferiority to Man, we by no means seek to depress her in the scale of being, but on the contrary to *exalt* her. It is this natural inequality of the sexes, besides, which constitutes the true ground of their union, and enables Woman to be the fountain of unmixed blessings she is to Man. But for this, she must inevitably have lacked all those delicious weaknesses and softnesses which are the outward badge of her inward sweetness, and which constitute the arms of her omnipotence in the imagination of Man."

Woman—Of course! I remember the Fox's praise of the Crow's singing until the latter dropped the cheese from her mouth in an unlucky effort to justify those flatteries. But, consider, Sir, how many thousands of us are apparently deficient in those qualities which render us in your eyes "delicious," and quite unlikely to be "exalted" by your condescending to marry them. Yet each of these, too, has a life to live, a subsistence to earn, a mind to develop, a soul to save. They have reputations to cherish, loved ones to aid and bless; what does all your greasy gallantry and sterile flattery avail *them*? They demand Opportunity, Work, Recompense; your response is, 'Let them be shut out 'from all the more lucrative and elevating employments 'and permitted to earn from two to four shillings per 'day as shirt-makers and household drudges. The 'more their sphere is restricted, the more they must 'crowd, jostle and underbid each other to avoid starva-'tion, giving us the amplest facilities for moulding 'them to our wishes and bending them to our will.—'Who will refuse any sort of a husband's home, when 'her only alternative is a back cellar kitchen or seam-'stress' garret for life, with fifteen hours' labor per day for the poorest subsistence?'—Ah, Sir! you say I was formed to love my husband and children, and care little or nothing for the world beside—I will teach you that I love my sisters who, less fortunate than I, must struggle with indigence and fetters—making brick without straw, and compelled to bid against each other for the privilege of earning by excessive labor the bitter bread of poverty and wants. I will not refuse to hear of what Man likes and don't like in Woman—though we really seem to have a surfeit of it in this discussion—but let us hear as soon as may be whether he is willing to allow her a fair day's wages for a day's work and give such a scope to her capacities that the work may almost always be had. When she has secured this, she may have leisure to listen to your flatteries and gallantries, but just now she is very earnestly engaged, and would rather waive them.

A Model Husband.

Governor Morris, in his will made a short time before his death, after settling upon his wife a liberal allowance, says—"And in case my wife should marry, I give her six hundred dollars more to defray the increased expense which may attend the connection.'

Now had that been my husband, I wouldn't have married again, if it most killed me to live single.—Dear, generous, old soul! Providing for all his wife's little wants, that way, after he was gone! It makes my eyes as red as a rabbit's to think of it.

No! I'd have worn black to the tip of my nose, and kept guard over his dear old ashes, the rest of my mortal pilgrimage. He should have had a fancy tombstone, all carved over with cherubim and seraphim. I'd have tied a piece of black crape on the pump handle, and—but "six hundred dollars" and a new husband! An awful temptation to a lone female; but then, the dear, deceased old Govergor! Oh, *I wouldn't have done it*; at least, I don't *think* I would. (Hope nobody would ask me, at any rate.)

What do you suppose possessed the old gentleman to be so uncommonly disinterested? It makes me suspicious. It's my opinion, on second thought, that he was a judge of female nature. Thought if he gave her leave to perpetrate matrimony, *she wouldn't want to*. Shrewd old "fogie!" I'd have put that "six hundred dollars" in my pocket, and Gov. Morris, No 2 in my affections, quicker than a flash of chain-lightning! I'd have obeyed his "last will and testament" to the letter. I'd have been as happy as a hummingbird in a lily cup, drowsy with honey dew—see if I wouldn't! Fanny Fern.

Culture of Lettuce.—Lettuce can only be grown to perfection in a deep, rich, light soil; as its roots are very fine and tender; consequently hard soils are unfriendly. Those who have grown this salad in large quantities for market, assert that there is no fertilizer so beneficial to it as Peruvian Guano, wetted with Sulphuric acid well diluted, and applied to the soil previous to planting. The seed should always be sown on freshly dug soil, and slightly raked in. One ounce of seed will answer for a bed 6 feet by 18, and will give from ten to twelve thousand plants.

Lettuce, if managed properly, may be had at all seasons of the year. A sowing may be made, in a warm border, about the middle of autumn, and it is often sown with spinage and protected with straw during winter. In fact market gardeners always sow it among other crops, as it may be removed before the room is required. Buist says, "for sorts that will be in use in June, July, and August, sow *Early Cabbage; Royal Cabbage, Silesian*, and *Indian*, on a bed of rich light ground, as early in March as the season will permit. Sow a few of each, again about the end of April. Sow *Early Cabbage, Royal Cabbage*, and *Victoria*, in August, and about the 15th of September, a general sowing of all the sorts. The *Brown Dutch* and other heading sorts for planting in drills for standing out all winter, as recommended for Early York Cabbage;—the *Early Cabbage* Lettuce, for heading in frames during winter, and other sorts, to be transplanted into boxes about the middle of October and protected with boards and shutters during winter. Give plenty of air every fine day."

In case they are attacked with slugs, dust with unslacked lime or soot,—but it is better to prepare the soil previously by having sown 6 bu. common salt per acre, sometime before planting. If this be done any time within twelve months, it will be a preventive.

One great requisite with the lettuce plant is, *moisture;* and in order to insure this, the ground must be very deeply dug, and during their growth deeply hoed, so as to admit the air to deposite its moisture; its absence frequently causes them to run to seed, just as you expect them to head.

"Miss Molley."—In the valley of the Mokawk, while Sir William Johnson was in authority under the Royal rule, there was a muster of militia on a certain day. Among the spectators, was Miss Molley, a Mohawk, beautiful, sprightly and "charming sixteen." One of the field officers coming near her on a prancing steed, by way of banter she asked him permission to mount behind him. Not supposing she could perform the exploit, he said she might. At the word she leaped upon the crupper with the agility of a gazelle.—The horse sprung off at full speed, and, clinging to the officer, her blanket flying, and her dark tresses streaming in the wind, she flew about the parade ground in every direction, to the infinite merriment of the whole multitude. Sir William, who was a witness of the spectacle, admiring the spirit of the young squaw, and being enamored of her person, took her home as his wife. She was a sister of Col. Joseph Brandt, chief of the Five Nations, who was educated at Moor's Charity School, New Hampshire.